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In peace, he pass'd his rev'rend length of
 days,
 Nor courted, nor contemn'd the public
 praise:
 But memory, careful of the good man's
 fame,
 A civic wreath here twines around his name,
 And still, in death, that fond affection
 bears,
 Which grac'd his life, and crown'd his
 silver hairs
 THESE, the remains that burst the narrow
 room,
 LIVE, and come forth, from Campbell's
 humble tomb. X.

THE POET'S COPPLAINT.

THOU lazy Limmer ca'd the Muse,
 Why thus thy helpin' han' refuse;
 I've mind thee surely to abuse,
 For causin me sic thinkin'.
 When thou couldst a' my passions rouse,
 And gie me verses clinkin'.
 I've studied now this hour, and mair,
 Till baith my een, and head are sair,
 For twa three lines, wi' a' my lair,
 Backet wi' a' my trouble;
 When thou couldst gie us many mair,
 Tho' three times three were double.
 Your favourite Burns long sine is dead,
 And laid aside his oaten reed:
 Come then and raise me in his stead,
 For great is my ambition
 To rhyme as sweet to a' wha read,
 As Robin's good edition.
 Gin thee wouldst tak me for thy son,
 I'd gie the lads and lassies fun,
 And gar them laugh, as sure's a gun,
 Come try, you'll see me show it,
 But I maun quit whar I begun;
 A broken hearted Poet.

LA NYMPHE SOLITAIRE.

ZEPHYR'S TALE TO FLORA.

'T WAS in a wild sequester'd glade,
 Where human footsteps never trod,
 A wimpling brook in murmurs stray'd,
 Soft winding o'er the grassy sod.
 Beneath its bank a Nymph fair
 Had fram'd with curious art a bower,
 Had gemm'd it round with crystals rare,
 And deck'd it o'er with many a flower.
 Hers was the task, with gentle care
 To raise each drooping flowret's head,
 Or fan with dew, the scorching air,
 That hover'd round her parent bed.
 Or when the last red tinge of light
 Still linger'd on the western sky,
 To tune her shell, she'd oft del'ght,
 In tones of sweetest melody.

That potent shell, so sweet, so clear,
 Has often stopp'd my devious flight,
 Has drawn the lovely spirit near,
 And charm'd the shadowy train of night.
 But tangled brake, nor silent grove,
 Nor distant dell, nor hidden bower,
 Evade the piercing glance of Love,
 All, all, confess his subtle power.
 'Twas on a sultry summer's day,
 When scarce a murmur fill'd the gale,
 Save where from some lone, shady spray,
 The linnet told her plaintive tale.
 A mountain god, all faint with heat,
 Had wander'd to the streamlet's side,
 And charmed with the cool retreat,
 Had stopp'd to bathe beneath its tide.
 Each youthful grace adorn'd his mien,
 Flush'd in his cheek and fill'd his eye,
 And many an Oread nymph, in vain
 For him had breath'd a tender sigh.
 His amber locks in curling rings,
 Around his graceful shoulders hung,
 Light danc'd his starry-spangled wings,
 And thousand odours round them flung.
 Aside he throws his air-wove vest,
 When straight the Nymph rose to view,
 Soft glittering on whose snowy breast
 Shone trembling drops of pearly dew.
 Just then my foe*, the tyrant love,
 Came, on a sun-beam, flutt'ring by,
 Trembling I sought the distant grove,
 Nor longer dar'd to hover nigh.

L.

* Vide Alpheri's "quarrel of Zephyr and Love."

CANZONET.

ONE summer's even as Fancy sat,
 In Tempé's sunny vale,
 The wood nymphs gather'd round her scat,
 To hear her witching tale.
 Such soul-entrancing words she spoke,
 That love stole softly nigh,
 And pity peep'd from forth an oak,
 And grief forgot to sigh.
 The timid Nymphs cluster'd round,
 And Hope, delusive maid,
 With opening dewy rose-buds crown'd,
 Sat smiling in the shade.
 Love wond'ring, heard the magic strain,
 And threw his arrows down,
 To thee, he cried, I owe my reign,
 From thee I hold my crown.

L.

THE SECOND IDYLLION OF BION,

IMITATED.

A SPORTIVE boy one morning stray'd,
 With bow in hand across the glade,